TECHNETHYRAMBEIA:

OR, A

POEM

ON

PADDY MURPHEY,

Under-Porter of T. C. *Dublin.*

Tranſlated from the Original in *Latin.*

By JOSEPH COWPER. A. B.

——*Non paſſibus æquis.* Virg.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Sold by GEORGE FAULKNER, at the Pamphlet-Shop in *Eſſex-Street*, oppoſite to the *Bridge*, 1730.

TECHNETHYRAMBIA:

OR, A

POEM

ON

PADDY MURPHEY,

Under-Porter of T. C. Dublin.

Translated from the Original in Latin.

By [illegible] A. B.

[illegible] Vir.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Sold by George Faulkner, at the Pamphlet-Shop, in Eden-Street, opposite to the Parliament-House.

1729.

TECHNETHYRAMBEIA:

OR, A

POEM, &c.

TTransported with the Muſes ſofter Charms,
A Thirſt for Fame my infant Boſom warms;
No common Subject claims the tuneful Strings,
Such as each trifling Poetaſter Sings;
In ſervile Flights the Muſe diſdains to Soar,
Or tread in Paths, but Paths untrod before;
Slight is the Theme, but yet a Theme ſo rare
Is not unworthy of a Poet's Care,
That unacquainted with the craggy Way,
Explores *Parnaſſus* in his firſt Eſſay.
Thompſon! Auſpicious Bard, whoſe laurel'd Name
Shines with the Foremoſt in the Liſt of Fame;
Conſcious of Native Strength, whoſe daring Muſe,
Touring aloft, a Pathleſs Road purſues;
O Smile propitious on the Lines I write,
Aſſiſt my Genius, and direct my Flight:
In Dorick Dreſs thy ſportive Muſe was ſeen,
With youthful Heat to gambol on the Green,

Nor whilom blush'd, to sing the sordid Plains
And lowly Cottages of Rural Swains;
The begging Pair, that languish'd long to prove
The sacred Pleasures of Connubial Love,
The cripled Bridegroom, and the Eyeless Bride,
In Hymen's Bands indissolubly ty'd,
Above the frowns of fickle Fortune reign,
And live and Love for ever in thy Strain.
Now to expand a narrow Scene, Behold
A Dreadful Monster of uncommon Mold!
From Great *O Murphey*'s thickest Blood he Springs,
August Descendant of *Hibernian* Kings!
Second in Porter's Pension, as in Place,
Proud of his Post, but prouder of his Race;
So stern his Visage, so uncouth his Hairs,
So Black, so Shaggy, and so like a Bear's! ——
Mark well his Figure, and you'll fancy then,
You see old *Polyphemus* in his Den;
High in his Lodge he stands, altho' a *Sub*,
Nor Grander look'd the *Cynic* in his *Tub*.
Full five and twenty times the radiant Sun,
His Annual Journey thro' the Signs hath run,
Since he, whom no ambitious Aims enslave,
First sat the Monarch of the narrow Cave.
O *Trinity!* whose Sacred Walls contain
Of Bards profes'd so numerous a Train,
Why so ungrateful to th' unheeded Name,
Alike unjust to *Paddy* and to Fame?
Cou'd you behold his silent Worth so long,
And yet deny the Tribute of a Song?

Just

Juſt at the Threſhold of the tuneful Nine
He Stands, but Stands without one friendly Line,
Poetic Lawrels here un-number'd grow,
But no kind Bard one Laurel will beſtow:
That all our Poets ſhou'd remain aſleep,
Eblana ſuffers, and the Hawkers weep.
The ſplendid Pomp, and Pageantry of Kings
To him are vain imaginary Things:
Fortune, the blind and fickle Dame, that Rules
The giddy World, and is ador'd by Fools,
Exerts on him her idle Charms in Vain,
Her Smiles, nor Pleaſure, nor her Frowns give Pain:
Safe and unmov'd, he hears loud *Boreas* Roar,
While Waves tumultuous laſh the ſounding Shoar;
His Fingers chill not with a numming Pain,
Nor ſpongy Garments drink the falling Rain,
He hears the Tempeſt, and ſerenely Smiles,
At Peals of Hail, that rattle on the Tiles;
As ſafe amid the hot Extreme he lies,
When Summer ſcorches, and the Dog-ſtar fries.
Whate'er he has, he has ſecure as Fate,
A Caſe not purchas'd by the guilty Great;
Round in himſelf and ſmooth, the Shafts of Chance,
Whene'er they hit, are ſtill as ſure to Glance:
Snugly immur'd he ſits, and warmly pent,
His Life in one continu'd Watching ſpent.
So in ſome griping Miſer's bolted Court,
The poor Man's Dread, and dangerous Reſort,
A ſtern *Moloſſus* from a tender Pup,
Long us'd to feed, and tenderly rear'd up,

In

In ſturdy Care, and ſurly Vigils old,
Sits the cloſe Guardian of the hoarded Gold.
Oft roll his fiery Eye-balls to and fro,
Widely they Glare! tremendouſly they Glow!
Behold the Meteor of his nether Face,
The horrid Stubble, and the grizly Grace!
Where e're he turns, where e're the Monſter walks,
Surprize purſues, attending Terror ſtalks!
The briſtled Boar thus, when beheld from far,
New whets his Tuſks for the enſuing War,
Fierce ſhakes his briſtly Jaws, and foams along
The baleful Horror of the hoſtile Throng.
Not thou *Priapus*, who art ſet to Fright
The tim'rous Birds by Day, and Thieves by Night,
Can half infuſe the Dread, altho' a God,
That Freſhmen ſuffer at his angry Nod.
Before the Lodge, Two truſty Porters wait,
Guardians Aſſiſtant of the bolted Gate;
Leſt any *Freſh*, without a Paſſport, Roam
Beyond the Wooden Barriers of the Dome;
But *Paddy*, much more Vigilant and Wiſe,
Darting around his unremitting Eyes,
Stands well prepar'd againſt each ſly Aſſault,
Obſerves th' Offender, and records his Fault.
Behold then all the Porter here compleat,
And ſtrictly mark his Implements of Fate,
Decently rang'd, each finds a proper Claſs,
Pen, Ink, and Paper, Ticket-book, and Glaſs,
By theſe he Meaſures out the Parts of Time,
By theſe denotes the Names, that bear the Crime.
Inviron'd thus, with Perils Night and Day,
'Tis hence a thouſand Stratagems we lay; Studious

Studious a thouſand various Arts we try,
To 'ſcape his Pencil, and evade his Eye;
Nor can the Victor's Heart be more elate,
With greater Pride, or higher Tranſports beat,
When Home returning from the Toils of War,
He rides Triumphant in his lofty Car,
Than ours, when ſafe we ſhun the diſmal Ken,
And 'ſcape the Dangers of his fatal Pen,
Then free we Rove, unfetter'd bound away,
Joys uſher in, and circling cloſe the Day;
Whether each winding Street we traverſe o'er,
Rifling, *Eblana*, thy promiſcuous Store,
Or more tranſported with a rural Scene,
We court calm Pleaſures on the flow'ry Plain;
Breath the freſh Sweets, that Scent the balmy Air,
Screen'd in ſome woven Shade, devoid of Care,
We ſtretch ſupine upon the tender Graſs,
Defie the Rays, and quaff the chearful Glaſs;
With grateful Sillabub revive the Heart,
Or ſlake inclement Thirſt with Cyder tart;
Mean time the feather'd Choirs repeat above
In Notes irregularly ſweet, their Love,
And as they ſinging hop from Spray to Spray,
Our Ears are raviſh'd with the charming Lay;
Or whether in a painted Skiff we glide
Along the calmer *Liffey*'s ſilver Tide,
The gentle Breezes ſigh a milder Gale,
Sing round the Maſt, and ſwell the flowing Sail;
The noiſy Oars divide the yielding Wave,
And curling Circles on the Surface leave:

Mean

Mean while, as wont, opprobrious Jars ariſe,
And noiſy railings rend the troubled Skies;
We muſter all our Stock of Water-wit,
And quick Diſcharge at ev'ry Boat we meet;
The ready Tars repell the feeble Force,
And mock unſeemly Taunts, returning worſe;
And now the Water-Diſcord kindles high,
We charge again, again the Volleys fly,
Freſhmen and *Boatmen*, all promiſcuous roar,
The mingled Din reſounds along the Shoar.
A *Freſhman*, who had madly ſpent the Day
In the looſe Freaks of every idle Play;
From Town returning in the Ev'ning late,
With ſilent Tranſport, ſmiling paſt the Gate,
Miſtaken hugg'd himſelf with ſecret Pride,
That as he paſs'd, he had return'd unſpy'd;
But when to view the fatal Book he came,
And found in ſable Notes his guilty Name,
Aghaſt he ſtood, quite Thunderſtruck with Fear,
The Baulk was inſtant, and the Mulct was near;
With Speeches blaud, and deprecating Face,
He ſues to *Paddy*, and bemoans his Caſe;
To Heav'n uplifting both his Hands and Eyes
Some easy Reverſe the cruel Doom, he cries.
Paddy contracts his Brow, then ghaſtly leers,
Both at the *Freſhman*'s Poſture, and his Fears,
Shook the rough Honours of his matted Head,
Snarl'd an enormous Grin, and thus he ſaid:
What cou'd you think me ſuch a ſtupid Aſs,
Vile Freſh! *to let you unregarded paſs?*

What?

What? break thro' all Reſtraints, theſe Bars deſpiſe?
Nor dread the Searches of theſe piercing Eyes?
Hence, Sir, with Patience bear the Mulct aſſign'd,
The next Elopement more Succeſs may find.
He ſaid; his fiery Eye-balls on the Ground
Sternly he fix'd, the *Freſh* in mournful Sound,
Anxious renews his heavy Tale again,
And begs, and prays, but begs, and prays in vain.
The potent Argument of Bribes he try'd,
With oft repeated Vows, as oft deny'd.
As o'er the Deep ſome huge miſhapen Rock,
Protending, which, nor Winds, nor Waves can Shock,
Firm on its Baſe, a ſtrong Foundation, ſits,
Nor values what the mad *Ionian* Threats;
So fixt is *Paddy*'s unrelenting Mind,
Which neither Pray'rs can move, nor Gifts unbind.
The *Freſh* repuls'd, march'd off with ſilent pace,
Rage in his Heart, and Choler in his Face,
The brooding Envy, ſmother'd in his Breaſt,
Confus'd the Senſes, and the Voice ſuppreſs'd,
Without a Word, aſham'd he ſneak'd away,
The *Wolves* ill-boding ſaw him firſt that Day.
But *Paddy*, whom nor Tears, nor Pray'rs cou'd move,
Nor proffer'd Gifts e'er ſoften into Love.
I well remember with an artful wile,
A cunning *Freſhman* thus did once beguile,
Waiting the Time, when ev'ry Porter gone,
Paddy was left to watch the Gate alone;
He gravely comes; the cruel Miſchief lies
Deeply conceal'd beneath a fair Diſguiſe;

His Hand protends a Caniſter of Snuff,
And friendly Terms ſalute the Monſter rough:
" *Paddy*, this Caniſter, that's in my Hand,
" Is fill'd with ſpecial *Scotch* at your Command,
" Not better *Scotland* ever cou'd afford;
" Come take a Pinch, you're welcome o'my Word.
Paddy ne'er dreaming, that the leaſt Device,
Cou'd lurk beneath a Compliment ſo nice,
Joyous to find he cou'd ſupply his Want,
(For ſtill *Tobacco* was his fav'rite Plant,
Whether thro' ductile Chimney—Tube he draws
Th' obſequious Smoak, or ruder Morſels chaws,
Or takes the wither'd Leaf in finer Snuff,
In ev'ry ſhifting Form the Weed goes off)
Says, *Sir, I humbly thank you for the Favour,*
For this you may command me, yours for ever.
The hum'rous *Freſhman*, ſlily drawing near,
Drives in his Face the well-fill'd Caniſter;
The fleeting Particles, diſpers'd in Air,
The Noſtrils ſome, and ſome the Eye-balls ſhare;
Sudden the fiery Eye-balls largely pour
On either gutter'd Cheek a briny Show'r,
Each Noſtril too with mucous Torrents flows,
And all the Dome re-ecchoes to his Noſe,
Mean while the *Freſhman* marching off in haſte,
Victorious Laughs at the ſucceſsful Jeſt.
Thus in his dreary Cave, the monſtrous Wight,
Huge *Polyphemus* was bereft of Sight,
And thus the cunning *Greek*, as Fame relates,
Eſcap'd the dire Deſtruction of his Mates:

So

So once, deep-pondering Fraud, Saturnian *Jove*
Equip'd *Pandora* from the Realms above,
Charg'd with a Box, to the terrene Abodes,
The fatal Contributions of the Gods;
The Cover fooliſh *Epimetheus* drew,
In various Shapes th' inclos'd Contagions flew;
Unnumber'd Evils hence aſſume their Birth,
Old Age, Diſeaſes, crowd the ſick'ning Earth,
Inclement Fate exerts ſeverer Pow'r,
Corrects her tardy Courſe, and urges on the Hour.
Paddy, tormented with the pungent Pains,
Rubs his wet Eyes, and rubbing ſtill Complains,
The tickling Atoms, ſhooting thro' the Pores,
Renew the Fit, again he ſtamps and Roars;
No Bull at Stake, whom Maſtiffs fierce engage,
Was ever wrought to more indignant Rage,
Or ſpurn'd more furiouſly the paſſive Ground,
Or bellowing Rent the Air with louder Sound,
When pendent one of the malignant Foes,
Hangs in the Gripe, nor quits the ſuff'ring Noſe:
Afflicted, thus he bellows out a Pray'r,
Loud as when Thunder ſhakes the Hemiſphere.
Hibernian *Saints! and tutelary Gods!*
For once look down from your divine Abodes.
O thou Columba! *hear propitious Saint!*
And hearing Favour this my ſad Complaint,
And thou, whoſe ſacred Name on Earth I bear,
Holy Saint Patrick! *liſten to my Pray'r,*
If e'er in grateful Worſhip at thy Shrine,
I grac'd thy Altar with a Gift Divine;

If

If on thy Birth-day, each returning Year,
The comely Shamroge *in my Hat I wear,*
And to thy Honour chear my gladſome Soul,
With larger Draughts, and from a larger Bowl;
Deign to look down from thy etherial Seat,
And pour juſt Vengeance on the daring Cheat,
Think what ſad Pangs of Miſery and Woe,
Your blinded Vot'ry ſuffers here below;
Then quick Revenge, your angry Bolts make red,
And whirl vindictive Thunder on his Head.
He Spoke: the briny Tears diſtill'd apace,
Bedew the Channels of his ſluicy Face;
The ropy Fleghm, and driv'ling Snivel flow,
And flowing Smear the reverend Beard below.
Unhappy State of Man! what Cares, what Strife,
What Wiles, what Treacheries attend thy Life!
So (if great Villanies we rank with ſmall)
A faithleſs Friend wrought mighty *Cæſar*'s fall,
And *Cæſar*'s Rival once ſirnam'd the *Great*
The *Pharian* butcher'd by a baſe Deceit;
By *Sinon*'s Fraud old *Priam*'s lofty Tow'rs,
A cumbrous Ruin, fell by *Grecian* Pow'rs,
His num'rous Race, and all the *Trojan* Name,
So glorious in the Chronicles of Fame,
Are now no more; what *Diomed* in vain
Eſſay'd, and *Peleus*' Son deſpair'd to gain,
Who ten Years ling'ring Siege had bravely bore,
Defy'd the Fleets, that lengthen'd on the Shore
Of *Phrygia*'s crowded Coaſt, an eaſy Prey,
Fell by one Fraud, in one ill-fated Day.

Freſhman

Freſhman, whoe're thou art, my Lays attend,
Thou, that woud'ſt fain the buſy Mind unbend,
Indignant of the Guards, and bolted Dome,
Where're it ſuits thy Genius, beſt to roam;
Whether the bold *Macbeath*'s Diſaſters move,
And *Polly* charms thee with unequal'd Love,
Or woud'ſt in Pity to th' unhappy Great,
Bewail the murder'd Monarch *Ceſar*'s Fate;
When, as raſh *Brutus* gives the deadly Blow,
The honeſt Tears unbidden learn to flow,
Tears, that exalt th' undaunted Monarch's Mind,
And ſilently Proclaim the Stroke unkind!
Be not too Raſh, nor headlong Sally out,
Be wary, very wary, look about,
In Town the Supper waits—a weak Pretence!
Raſhneſs may often double the Expence—
Tho' keen your Appetite, your Thirſt ſevere,
Your Tackle in the Harbour firſt prepare,
E're to the faithleſs Main, and tempting Gales,
You truſt the Veſſel, and expand the Sails:
If void of Precept, or reſtrain'd thro' Fear;
You doubt your own Ability to ſteer,
Attend to me; for I have often try'd,
And true Experience is the ſureſt Guide;
The Man, by frequent Dangers render'd Wiſe,
Wretches in Danger can the beſt Adviſe;
Then hear what Arts, what Stratagems defeat
The prying Guardian of the dreadful Gate.
The reſt apart, that lucky Minute catch,
When the rude Monſter ſits alone to Watch;

Like

Like wiſe *Laertes'* Son, then play your Part,
This is the only Seaſon for your Art:
Paddy with *Serpent*-ken will ſtare around,
And ſtrictly Traverſe all the hoſtile Ground,
True *Epidaurian* Snake in double Skill,
Not more expert to ſee, than prone to kill;
But thou, the more he darts a piercing Glance,
The more in ſubtle Schemes of Fraud advance.
If therefore you ſhou'd chance, to caſt an Eye
Upon two friendly Ruſticks paſſing by,
Rude tho' in Habit, ruder in their Mien,
As fit Accomplices, invite them in;
Let them in *Iriſh* firſt the uſual Way,
Salute him——*how doſt do? what time o' Day?*
By Compliments like theſe when grown more free,
Let them cull out his Birth and Pedigree;
Lift up their Hands and Eyes, as much aſtound,
As at a Pot of buri'd Treaſure found;
Shake Hands, nay kiſs him too, and kindred claim,
As being both deſcended of the Name.
Paddy, will ſtrait, on this Occaſion run
Thro' all the Tribe from Father down to Son;
Sum all his Noble Anceſtors with Pride,
Hibernian, Chiefs, in Feats of Arms well try'd,
Who, more's the pity, did untimely loſe
Their Lives, ſuſpended in the fatal Nooſe,
While thus they hold the Monſter at a Bay,
Clear as the Coaſt appears, then ſlink away,
Thus freed from reſtive Bars, each Hour employ,
And live in all the Luxury of Joy;

Let

Let rich *Sabean*-Odours round thee fly,
And breath but in an Aromatick Sky;
Repair to Balls, Aſſemblies, drawing Rooms,
And wound the Fair with Breezes of Perfumes:
Cloyſter'd no more, exult, and take your Fill,
Of Pleaſures boundleſs as your roving Will.
As when the little Bird, that pining ſate,
Long time confin'd within the wiry Gate,
By chance Elopes, he claps his joyful Wings,
Exults in open Air, and ſweetly Sings.
His woodland Mates extend their warbling Throats,
In Songs, love-labour'd to his liquid Notes.
But leſt the Stratagem propos'd above,
Can't oft' be try'd, or try'd ſucceſsful prove,
Of your own Robes Collegiate be diveſt,
In dapper Liv'ry like a Footman dreſt,
Secure of ſuch a Garb, the beſt Diſguiſe,
Paſs, and Re-paſs without the leaſt Surmiſe;
Without a Mulct to upper-Box aſcend,
There damn, as Whimſy prompts thee, or commend;
Or on the Beaux diſcharge your ribald Wit,
That throng the Stage, or flutter in the Pit.
So once (we read) *Anchiſes'* pious Son,
A *Grecian* Liv'ry for his own put on;
Securely ambuſh'd in the ſly Diſguiſe,
Untoucht thro' all the *Grecian* Hoſt he flies,
Thro' Darts, and Spears erect; the *Trojan* Gate,
At laſt compleats the Hero's ſafe Retreat.
Theſe are the Myſteries, the winding Train
Of Arts, that teach you free Egreſs to gain,

Theſe feeble Precepts ſoon you may Deſpiſe,
Practice repeated ſoon will make you Wiſe;
Inſtruct you in a Thouſand newer Ways,
And teach more cunning Stratagems than theſe.
Mean time theſe candid Methods, nor refuſe,
Nor ſlight the kind Endeavours of the Muſe,
Like grateful Sons, beſtow your honeſt Praiſe,
And crown the Bard with venerable Bays.

FINIS.

10 DE 68